



FAMOUS  
MONSTERS  
#53  
JAN.

FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE FDC

# MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

INSIDE THIS  
SUPER  
ISSUE-

SEE A  
FLESH-  
CRAWLING  
GANG  
OF THE  
MOST  
FAMOUS  
MONSTERS  
EVER  
CREATED  
COME  
TO LIFE!

SPECIAL  
COLLECTOR'S  
EDITION



50¢



Dwight Frye, the Spider and Fly Disciple of Count DRACULA, as he appeared in the classic 1931 movie.

# FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

INCORPORATING MONSTER WORLD

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NO. 53 JAN 1969



THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN looks out from this issue's cover. By artist Basil Gogos.

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# THE SHARE OF THINGS TO COME ...AS SEEN THRU THE TERROR TELL-US-SCOPE

## the future looks fantastic

THINGS TO COME is coming back! The world born of HG Wells looked 100 years ahead in 1906 and created a master film of war and horror, peace and hope, on a gigantic scope, concluding with the launching of the first manned spaceship from an underground metropolis. Now plans are afoot for a remake of THINGS TO COME with, of course, a brand new plot and a lot more futuristic devices as we are now nearly 100 years closer to the 21st century than we were in '06. One special request to the producers: please include Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson—John Gervoid Cabot and The Boss in the original—in interesting roles in the remake!

Did we say the future looks fantastic? You said so! Consider:

**DOFFELGANGER**—a space exploration story set in 1900 starring Roy Thomas of TV's *The Invaders* and Herbert "Capt. Nemo" Lee of *Harryhausen's MYSTERY*

**OUS ISLAND.**

**CAPE NEMO & THE FLOATING CITY**, a big budget MGM production, starring Robt. Ryan, with Chuck Connors.

**THE ADVENTURE OF NEMO** (see Jules Verne's famous submarine captain).

**BUCK ROGERS IN THE 26th CENTURY!**

**THE OCEANAUTS**—5 adventures' scum-bottom Odyssey.

**POE'S OBLONG BOX** and **GOLD RING.**

Matheson's **MARQUIS DE SADE** and **DANTE'S INFERNO.**

**POE'S BRAINEROCK** and **Blodi's HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD.**

**A FOR ALPHA!**

**IMPLOSION!**

**TROC!**

**MR. ADAM!**

**THE AUTOMATED MAN!**

## are you ready for this?

We've had SON OF DRACULA... SON OF FRANKENSTEIN... even SON OF KONG

Now comes—

SON OF EGGAH!

What? You weren't Eggaah for that information?

Well, I hate to make a reader cry so I'll admit it's a big fat lie.

Better?

Alright... There really is a SON OF GODZILLA.

And here's the story (you've seen the pic) to prove it:

To Zorpal, an uninhabited island, goes Dr. Kessner and his Weather Observation & Research Team. They plan a series of experiments sponsored by the U.N. Food Planning Committee, hoping to be able to convert jungles, deserts & frozen Arctic wastes into farmland thru atmospheric control.

But the first experiment gets out of hand. Instead of going down, the temperature increases to abnormal heights. Before it can be controlled it causes gigantism on the island: enormous plants, giant insects and—

The hatching of a small monster from a reptile egg.

It is—the son of Godzilla!

Monster Jr., born on an island of monstroctonia!

The giant spiders & monstrous mantises eye the baby but Godzilla himself gives them his famous fire-breath treatment and they retreat with singed wings & roasted legs. Unable to compare Godzilla and feast on his son, the defeated superinsects turn their unwelcome attention to smaller prey, the humans on the island! One of the Research Team has already gone mad and the rest now seem doomed to die horrible deaths.

Dr. Kessner decides to risk one final experiment: to lower the temperature until the monstrosity dies.

The island is transformed into a land of snow & ice. The men themselves are in danger of dying! But a saboteur arrives in the nick of time to rescue them.

The insects die.

Godzilla & Jr. are forced into hibernation.

But one day the ice will melt and—well, remember what happened when Frankenstein was thawed?

It's food for thought!

## the wow of the worlds

Virus, a beast with 6 legs and 3 tentacles, battles Gassia, the giant winged turtle, as the earth trembles in **GAMERA VS. VIRUS**

When **RED PLANET MARS** appears on the screen, the last performance of his late Nick Adams will be seen.

THE ALIEN is presently serving as the title of two different pictures which producers plan to make. One is to co-star Peter Sellers & James Coburn.

**NIGHT OF THE AUK** (interplanetary) ... THE WITCHMAKER ... ANIMAL TALK ... THE INSECT STORY ... 12 CLOCKS ... SUPER GIRL ... THE DAY THE HOT LINE GOT HOT ... ISLE OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE ... IN THE SARGASSO SEA ... THE INCREDIBLE INVASION ... Poe's ANNABELLE LEE ... PARADISE LOST ... THE INCREDIBLE WEREWOLF MURDERS (Rovous & Martin) ... THE HELICOPTER SPIES ... SATANIK ... TOM SWIFT ... THE SURVIVORS ... Venus's ARK OF MONSIEUR SERVASEC ... THIN AIR ...

Berlin's **STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND!**  
Fred Ford's **TUNNEL BENEATH THE WORLD!**  
Bradbury's **ILLUSTRATED MAN** (including a Venus adventure)!

THE SPACE MERCHANTS by Pohl & Korzhin!  
THE POSSESSORS by John Christopher!  
THE IMMORTALS (for a 2-hour TV time-slot) by James Gunn!

MAROOINED (on the Moon) starring Gregory Peck!  
PLANET OF THE MEN (sequel to PLANET OF THE YOU-know-what!)  
BARBARILLA II—!  
QUATERMASS IV—!



Mia Farrow looks dangerously scared—and we don't blame her—as she appears in the lead role in **ROSEMARY'S BABY**.

**DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE** (Chris Lee)!

**FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED!**  
WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH (Dan-son) by Jim Danforth!

## flash! flash! flash!

Gene (Star Trek) Roddenberry, winner of an award at the recent World Science Fiction Convention, will change pass from outer space to darkest Africa, turning back the clock to the time & place Edgar Rice Burroughs originally wrote of, and producing, his novel, the nearest thing ever seen on the screen to ... the real TAZMAN!

King Kong & Frankenstein both make "ghost appearances" in the Beatles' **YELLOW SUBMARINE**

The sequel to **WILD IN THE STREETS**, formerly announced as **THE DAY OF THE MICRO-BOPPERS** changed to **THE DAY IT ALL HAPPENED, BABY**, will (maybe) be made instead under the title of **WE OUT-NUMBER YOU!**

Esper, a TV movie script, may serve as a pilot for a possible TV series.

Ray Bradbury's "Fox and the Forest" is being turned into a movie script by Bill (LOGAN'S RUN) Nolan. Title: **TIMERUN!**



## preview: new karlofffilm!

From our ace journalist in England, Peter J. Jarman, comes this atmospheric & exclusive report to *PM* on *THE CRIMSON ALTAR* and harrowing happenings during its making near the village of Harrow:

I had been warned about the ghosts long before I set out for the Old Dark House, a few miles from London and deep in the heart of the countryside. My visits to watch movie making for *FAMOUS MONSTERS* usually entail going to a studio where, however convincingly some backgrounds, you know they're only sets. But, with a stroke of genius, it was decided to make *THE CRIMSON ALTAR*, not in a normal studio, but in a real old house with a disturbing reputation for things that go bump in the night!

The rambling mansion had been occupied the early part of this century by a peppery old man who died in a pool in his garden here, after attempting to save a pretty girl from drowning. She had survived but the aging rescuer had sunk to his death.

Ever since, in the nearby village of Harrow, there have circulated rumors of strange sounds, manifestations, and lights coming from the house of Grimsdyke which, for long periods, has remained uninhabited.

Now the ghosts themselves were being haunted by the terrors of *THE CRIMSON ALTAR*! Specifically, by two masters of terror known to the world as **BORIS KARLOFF** & **CHRISTOPHER LEE**!

And I felt that wherever—or whatever the phantoms of Grimsdyke might be, they would surely be no match for such experts as these.

Our car turned sharply up a narrow road and we came upon the entrance to Grimsdyke with its old world lodge and thickly clustered trees which suddenly shut out the sunlight.

A film company sign warned would-be trespassers to "KEEP OUT", while further along the driveway was the stern advice, "BEWARE OF THE GUARD DOGS".

As we drew up outside of the house itself the great windows looked down on us with the hint of a frown. Through the panes could be seen only a darkness even the summer morning could not pierce. There was not a soul in sight. Surely the entire film crew could not already have been swallowed up by some nameless forces?

A shout from me brought nobody from the house so my driver and I decided to investigate the grounds, which were extensive. All we could hear was the crunching of our own feet on rough woodland-type ground. We passed a murky looking pool and guessed this was where our (G)host must have drowned.

Then, without warning, we came upon a graveyard. Some human beings (?) appeared from behind some bushes and told us the graves had been specially planted there for the film. Deep beyond the undergrowth we finally spied a small wren patting the finishing touches to a long distance exterior shot.

All the others, we were informed, had gone back to the house. And hadn't been seen since!

papers. A draught of air was coming in under a small opened door which half an hour before he had firmly locked. Nobody was in the building.

In the male crowd dressingroom the doors & windows had opened with no wind to aid them. And when one of the crew entered "the Grey Room", a door slammed behind him "under a force of its own".

I made up my mind I certainly would not care to stay alone in this house at night.

It would be a relief to see the friendly face of Boris Karloff ...

## inside boris karloff

The rumors of hauntings did not seem to worry Boris in the least. Indeed, why should they?

However many times I meet the great Karloff, the thrill is a potent & fresh as ever. On this occasion I had been especially anxious, for, at the age of 30, he had been in the hospital for several days for a medical check-up, having had a nasty attack of bronchitis.

The door of the room in which shooting was currently taking place swung open and there once again was the Master of all things terrifying in the cinema.

When he saw me just inside the doorway he extended me his hand, with that smile of welcome which is so typical of that kindliest "monster" of them all.

I was delighted to see him so well after his bout of illness although he was still not completely recovered. It was so like him that he should insist on not holding up the picture for a moment longer than necessary. He was deeply concerned that nothing should be delayed on his account. Such is his wonderful spirit and consideration for others.

Fred "Herman Munster" Gwynne looks a lot like Karlofffrankenstein in the new television af Arsenic & Old Lace, which Bela Lugosi once played in on the stage and Peter Larre in the movie.



## inside the old dark house

At last I entered the house, which had been found by the film's director to be deserted and in a bad state of repair, ideal for his *CRIMSON ALTAR* purposes.

Winding staircases, nooks & crannies, and great paneled rooms were everywhere. It looked more like a set than a set. But it was all real!

Already, during the few weeks of shooting in & around the place, there had been several unaccountable ghostly happenings which, I was assured, could not be attributed to the imagination of an over-sensitive publicity man. For instance, the still photographer was alone one night in the large music room when he heard—music! He swore there was nobody else in the house at the time.

Actor John Cliford felt something brush past him on the staircase. But no one was there.

The night security man known was disturbed at 2 in the morning by a sudden gush of wind and the rustle of

Soon it was time for the shooting to start again. The scene Boris was to do now was supposed to take place out of doors—in fact in sequence it will be the final one to be seen in the film when Boris, with the hero & heroine, games up in terror to something they see on the roof of the supposedly blazing old house. (I won't tell you what it is but it involves Chris Lee in a shuddery surprise climax you must see for yourself when the movie comes your way.)

The director instructed Boris to look up at a certain point in the scene and the expression on Karloff's face became so convincing that it was not difficult to imagine all the rest.

As alert, and as much of a perfectionist as ever, Boris questioned some lines in the script which he thought were illogical as far as his character saying them was concerned. The director examined them and found Boris was right.

Other script alterations also had to be made on the spot that afternoon while Boris sat patiently sipping coffee, and the typewriter thundered away on the rewriting.

The film was originally going to be called after H. P. Lovecraft.)

## DREAMS IN A WITCH HOUSE

The changes meant that Boris had to learn a whole lot of new lines and did just that in a matter of minutes. It's always a real inspiration to see a professional like Karloff at work!

Briefly I saw Chris Lee peer around the door. He was not needed on the set and vanished again—like a ghost. Both he & Boris seemed so right in the shadows of creepy old Grimsdyke House...



Frog Monster from Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea TV episode.

## on the crimson altar

The grim tale opens innocently enough—with a pretty young girl picking up a dagger and plunging its blade into the man by her side!

But that was only in fun, for Robt. Manning (Mark Eden), part owner of the little London antique shop, lets her see how the blade springs out again, doing him no harm at all.

He tells the girl, Esther (Rosemary Reed), who is his secretary, that the dagger is a false hilted used by witch-burners. If they could stick a knife into someone without drawing blood, the accused was branded as a witch and burnt at the stake.

The dagger has come from a parcel sent by Peter Manning, Robert's brother and partner. Among other items received is an elaborately carved altar candlestick from the year 1622, one of a pair, and a relic.

The relic puzzles Manning & Esther. Written 10 days previously, Peter says in it he is returning to London at once. He hasn't arrived. Another mystery is that the letter was headed "Craxted Lodge, Greynarsh", the village where Manning's ancestors have lived for generations.

Binging the house to see what has happened, Robert is told by J. D. Morley (Christopher Lee), the owner of Craxted, that Peter has never stayed there. Very worried, Robert starts off for Greynarsh.

When he reaches Craxted Lodge a wild party is in full swing. A girl tears herself from the marriage to introduce herself as Eve (Virginia Wehelch). She is Morley's niece and takes Robert to her uncle in the library.

Morley, a tall lean man, welcomes Robert but still insists Peter has never stayed in the house. He bids Robert to stay the night there, however, feeling some responsibility for having brought him all the way for nothing.

The decrepit butler (Michael Gough) known as Elder, takes Robert's luggage to the Grey Room. And while Robert is telling Eve about Peter, the butler listens outside the door. When Robert is unpacking he is amazed to see a candlestick on the table. For it matches the other one which Peter had sent him!

Following dinner, Morley, Eve & Robert gather themselves around the great fireplace. Morley tells Robert he has arrived on a special night of special meaning to the village. The ancient ceremony of burning the black witch of Greynarsh...

The witch Lavinia lived about 300 years ago. According to the records she did some very heinous things to the local townfolk, so the villagers ultimately had their revenge by roasting her alive. They now celebrate the burning annually.

Lavinia was also a Morley—ancestor of the present owner.

## now comes karloff

A sinister figure in a wheelchair suddenly appears. It is Professor Marsh (Boris Karloff), an acknowledged authority on the region & on witchcraft.

The professor says that Lavinia's influence has spanned the centuries. Until her end she possessed her innocence, and when she was being burnt alive, she had cried out in her anguish, sending curses down on those responsible. They had all lived to regret the execution, says Prof. Marsh, and many of the descendants of those who watched her writhing body that night, had died mysteriously, horribly.

The village goes in abase with light from the bonfire & fireworks while the villagers dance around it.

The climax comes when Lavinia, the witch, is hoisted aloft over & into the flames. Prof. Marsh watches with visible agitation.

On their way back Robert describes Peter to Eve. Later that night, on entering his room, he is startled by the old butler who warns him to get out while he can. But he will say no more.

Now certain that something has happened to Peter,





Read all about Barbara Steele in **THE CRIMSON ALTAR** in the special Preview Report in this feature article.

Robert goes out into the garden and the family graveyard. He is suddenly surprised by Morley & Morrie. They chase him for worrying so much about Peter and invite him in for a nightcap. Robert accepts the invitation, little realizing his brandy has been drugged...

That night he experiences a terrible nightmare. In it he sees a witches' shrine complete with a crimson sacrificial altar. A black goat with gilded horns is being worshipped by two women in chains. Then he sees a monk, a priest and his brother Peter!

## steale yourself

Lavinia (Barbara Steele) is there and beckons Peter. The dreadful assembly wants him to sign a black book and, in a sweat of fear, he refuses.

With a fiendish cry Lavinia hurls herself towards him, a dagger in her hand...

Robert wakes up in bed, his heart thumping painfully.

Next day, slightly recovered from his nocturnal experience, Robert continues his search for Peter in the village. Nobody has seen or even heard of him. But when he shows Eve a photograph of the missing young man she recognizes him! She says he was a guest of Morley's about a week before. But no wonder nobody knew him for

he called himself Dennis Vesper.

Robert goes into his room to find a nervous Elder hiding behind the door. He forces an admission out of the botler and his worst fears are confirmed. Peter is dead!

When Robert confronts Morley with the news he again denies all knowledge, explaining that Elder has had a nervous breakdown.

Morley & Robert have nightcaps and the young man is again drugged. (Will he never learn!) This time he wakes up in the witches' shrine with Lavinia screaming at him to sign a weird "confession". When he refuses, Lavinia stabs him with a bodkin and in a hypnotic trance Robert makes his way out of the house, his arm dripping with blood...

He is about to walk blindly into a lake when a local policeman stops him. He is brought out of his trance and delivered safely back to the house.

But the blood from his arm is real enough and the wound is bandaged by Eve. A small trail of blood on the floor leads to a panel on the wall which springs back to reveal a spiral staircase. Now wide awake, Robert again finds the witches' shrine, but it is all strangely different from his dreams. There are cobwebs everywhere. It seems that nobody has been in the room for years.

But Robert & Eve discover that the cobwebs are faked, and, in a grim confessional book, they discover Robert's late brother's signature as the last entry.



**BORIS KARLOFF** with one of Mexico's outstanding horror actors in the color sci-fi cracker **THE INCREDIBLE INVASION**.

## the chilling climax

In the meantime Eve goes to the nearby church to look up the records of the long ago trial of Lavina. Robert stumbles across a coffin—which contains the very dead body of Elder. On the floor is a besedot belonging to his brother.

The vicar (Rupert Davies) gives Eve information on the trial and it is found that the names Manning & Elder were among those who accused Lavina of witchcraft.

There can now be no doubt. Morley is a swindler—obsessed with the haunting of his ancestor and swearing vengeance on the descendants of those who put her to the stake. Morley has induced their nightmares by drugs & hypnosis. Now the time has come for all who stand in his way to die. And Eve too must be sacrificed, for she has discovered the truth.

Robert is overpowered by Morley and is locked in a torture chair, forced to witness the sacrifice of Eve on the altar.

But Prof. Marsh is driven hastily to the house and manages to pull the dagger from Morley's hand just as he is about to plunge it into the helpless Eve's flesh.

Morley escapes through a secret door after he has set the room afire.

As the house begins to go up in flames, it is Morley who has yet to reveal the most terrifying surprise of all...

At the 6th Annual Science-Fantasy Film Festival in Trieste, **BORIS KARLOFF** received one of the coveted awards. A full report by our Italian correspondent, Luigi Coen, will be featured in our next issue. Don't miss it!

**END**

# THE HORROR in the LIGHTHOUSE

by Edgar Allan Poe  
& Robert Bloch

**was it an hallucination from  
the depths of his desperate mind or  
a she-creature from the fathomless depths  
of the haunted midnight sea?**

## FOREWORD

Every ghoulish reader of FAMOUS MONSTERS is familiar with the terror tales of Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Black Cat".

"The Tell-Tale Heart".

"The Pit & the Pendulum".

"The Masque of the Red Death".

"A Descent into the Maelstrom".

The list is long—and frightening.

And everyone not in his right mind is acquainted with the works of Robert Bloch. (They should be—he's given them the works often enough.) Bloch, of PSYCHO fame; and Return of Psycho; Motor Psycho; Psycho Strikes Back; Psycho Illegals; Sicko, Son of Psycho; not to overlook CABINET OF CALIGARI, THE

COUCH, STRAIT-JACKET, THE NIGHT WALKER, etc.

This story, originally titled simply "The Lighthouse", was first published in a 1953 issue of *Fantastic*, a Ziff-Davis magazine to which we are indebted (along with co-author Robert Bloch) for re-publication here.

When Poe died in 1849, he left the story you are about to read unfinished. Robert Bloch could not have completed it at the time as in those days he was only 2 years old. However, a century after the Old Master laid down his pen for the last time, young master Bloch got out of the pen (for the last time—we hope) and completed the story that is about to make you turn on every light in the house—

THE HORROR IN THE LIGHTHOUSE



"The beast burst from his prison and flung himself upon the creature!" (Scene suggested by photo from THE KILLER SHREWS.)

"Her eyes, fishlike & staring, swam closer." (Scene suggested by photo of Belle Donovan in make-up by Geo. Westmore.)



Jan. 1—1796. This day—my first on the light-house—I can make this entry in my Diary, as agreed on with DeGrat. As regularly as I can keep this journal, I will—but there is no telling what may happen to a man all alone as I am—I may get sick or worse . . .

So far well! The cutter had a narrow escape—but why dwell on that, since I am here, all safe? My spirits are beginning to revive already, at the mere thought of being—for once in my life at least—thoroughly alone.

It is strange that I never observed, until this moment, how dreary a sound that word has—"alone"! I could half fancy there was some peculiarity in the echo of these cylindrical walls—but oh, no!—that is all nonsense. I do believe I am going to get nervous about my insulation. That will never do. I have not forgotten DeGrat's prophecy.

Jan. 2. I have passed this day in a state that I find it impossible to describe. My passion for solitude could scarcely have been more thoroughly gratified.

Jan. 3. A dead calm all day. Towards evening, the sea looked very much like glass. A few seaweeds came in sight; but besides them absolutely nothing all day—not even the slightest speck of cloud . . . Occupied myself in exploring the light-house . . .

Jan. 4. I am now prepared to resume work on my book. Already I have carried enough oil, water & food to the upper levels to last me for an entire month—I need stir from my two rooms only to replenish the wicks.

For the rest, I am free! utterly free—for my time is my own, and in this totty realm I rule as King. I am master of the sun that rises from the sea at dawn, emperor of wind and monarch of the gale, sultan of the waves that sport or roar in rolling torrents about the base of my palace pinnacle. I command the moon in the heavens, and the very ebb & flow of the tide does homage to my reign.

But enough of fancies—DeGrat warned me to refrain from morbid or from grandiose speculation—now I shall take up in all earnestness the task that lies before me.

Jan. 11. A week has passed since my last entry in this diary, and as I read it over, I can scarce comprehend that it was I who penned those words.

Alone! I, who breathed the word as if it were some mystic incantation bestowing peace, have come—I realize it now to loathe the very sound. And the ghostliness of meaning I know full well.

The world is 200 miles away; I will not know it again for an entire year. And it is true—but no more! I cannot put down my thoughts while in the grip of this morbid mood.

Jan. 13. Two more days—two more centuries!—have passed. Can it be less than two weeks since I was immured in this prison tower? I mount the turret of my dungeon and gaze at the horizon; I am not hemmed in by bars of steel but by columns and pillars and webs of wild and raging water. The sea has changed; gray skies have wrought a wizardry so that I stand surrounded by a tumult that threatens to become a tempest.

I endlessly pace the narrow, circular confines



"Only a moment, and then the waves overwhelmed it." (Scene suggested by foto from SOULS FOR SALE.)

of my tower of torment.

Wild words, these? And yet I am not alone in my affliction—my dog Neptune feels it too. Perhaps it is but the approach of the storm that agitates him so—for Nature bears closer kinship with the beast.

I have just mounted to the platform and gazed out at the spectacle of gathering storm. The waves are fantastically high; they sweep against the lighthouse in titanic tumult. I am surrounded by a billowing blackness thundering against me . . .

Back below now, as lightning flickers. I will set down a further statement. I must, if only to prove to myself that reason again prevails. In writing of my venture up to the platform—my viewing of the sea & sky—I omitted to mention the meaning of a single moment. There came upon me, as I gazed down at the black & boiling madness of the waters below, a wild & willful craving to become one with it. But why should I disguise the naked truth?—I felt an insane impulse to hurl myself into the sea!

It has passed now; passed, I pray, forever. I did not yield to this perverse prompting and I am back here in my quarters, writing calmly once again. Yet the fact remains—the hideous urge to

destroy myself came suddenly, and with the force of one of those monstrous waves.

And what—I force myself to realize—was the meaning of my demented desire? It was that I sought escape, escape from loneliness. It was as if by mingling with the sea and the storm I would no longer be alone.

But I defy the elements. I defy the powers of the earth and of the heavens. Alone I am, alone I must be—and come what may, I shall survive! My laughter rises above all your thunder!

So—ye spirits of the storm—blow, howl, rage, hurl your watery weight against my fortress—I am greater than you in all your powers. But wait! Neptune . . . something has happened to the creature—I must attend him.

*Jan. 16.* The storm is abated. I am back at my desk now, alone—truly alone. I have locked poor Neptune in the store-room below; the unfortunate beast seems driven out of his wits by the forces of the storm.

How shall I describe the horrors of the storm I faced alone?

There is no need to write of the fancies & fantasies which assailed me through those unhallowed



"I am now prepared to resume work on my book."  
(Scene suggested by a foto from **A BUCKET OF BLOOD.**)

"She wees from below, where the drowned dead  
lie dreaming, and I had awakened her and clothed  
her with a horrid life. A life that thirsted, and  
must drink" (Scene suggested by a foto from  
**DEMENTIA 13.**)



hours. At times I felt that the lighthouse was giving way and that I would be swept into the sea. At times I knew myself to be a victim of a colossal plot—I cursed DeGroot for sending me, knowingly, to my doom. At times (and these were the worst moments of all) I felt the full force of loneliness, crashing down upon me in waves higher than those wrought by water.

But all has passed, and the sea—and myself—are calm again. A peculiar calmness, this; as I gaze out upon the water there are certain phenomena I was not aware of until this very moment.

Before setting down my observations, let me reassure myself that I am, indeed, quite calm; no trace of my former tremors or agitation yet remains. The momentary madness caused by the storm had departed and my brain is free of phantasms—indeed, my senses seem to be sharpened to an unusual extent.

It is almost as though I find myself in possession of an additional sense, an ability to analyze and penetrate beyond former limitations superimposed by Nature.

The water on which I gaze is placid once more. The sky is only lightly leaden in hue. But wist—low on the horizon creeps a sudden flame! It is the sun, the Arctic sun in sullen splendor, emerging momentarily from the pall to reddens the ocean. Sun & sky, sea & air about me, turn to blood.

Can it be I who but a moment ago wrote of returned, regained sanity? I, who have just shrieked aloud, "Alone!"—and half-rising from my chair, heard the muffled booming echo through the lonely lighthouse, its sepulchral accent intoning "Alone!" in answer? It may be that I am, despite all resolution, going mad; if so, I pray the end comes soon.

Jan. 18. There will be no end! I have conceived a notion, a theory which my heightened faculties soon will test; I shall embark upon an experiment . . .

Jan. 26. A week has passed here in my solitary prison. Solitary?—perhaps, but not for long. The experiment is proceeding I must set down what has occurred.

The sound of the echo set me to thinking. One sends out one's voice and it comes back. One sends out one's thoughts and—can it be that there is a response? Sound, as we know, travels in waves & patterns. The emanations of the brain, perhaps, travel similarly. And they are not confined by physical laws of time, space, or duration.

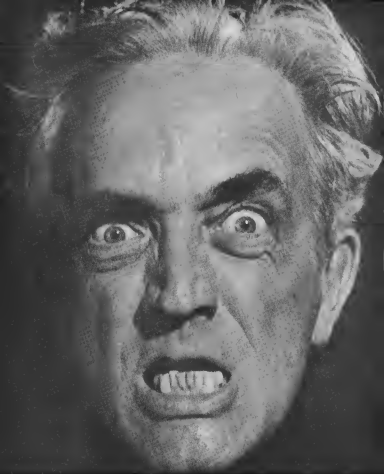
Can one's thoughts produce a reply that materializes, just as one's voice produces an echo? An echo is a product of a certain vacuum. A thought . . . Concentration is the key to my experiment.

Concentration, by its very nature, is a difficult task; I addressed myself to it with no little fear. Strive but to remain seated quietly with a mind "empty" of all thought, and one finds in the space of a very few minutes that the errant body is engaged in all manner of distracting movement—foot tapping, finger twisting, facial grimacing.

This I managed to over come after a matter of many hours—my first three days were virtually exhausted in an effort to rid myself of nervous agitation and assume the inner & outer tranquil-



"Hallucination, vision, apparition? Pale & trembling, arisen from the depths of the sea." (Scene suggested by foto from THE MASK.)



"I am master of a power greater than earth or space or time!" The mad author in the Lighthouse, specially posed for *FM* by actor Fritz Lieber.





"Long-drowned & dead, risen from the slime and to that slime returning." (Scene suggested by foto from **TORMENTED**.)

ity of the Indian *fakir*. Then came the task of "filling" the empty consciousness—filling it completely with one intense and concentrated effort of will.

What echo could I bring forth from nothingness? What companionship would I seek here in my loneliness? What was the sign or symbol I desired? What symbolized to me the whole absent world of life & light?

DeGraft would laugh me to scorn if he but knew the concept that I chose. Yet I, the cynical, the jaded, searched my soul, plumbed my longing, and found that which I most desired—a simple sign, a token of all the earth removed: a fresh & growing flower, a rose!

Yes, a simple rose is what I have sought—a rose, torn from its living stem, perfumed with the sweet incarnation of life itself. Seated here before the window I have dreamed, I have mused, I have then concentrated with every fiber of my being upon a rose.

My mind was filled with redness—not the redness of the sun upon the sea, or the redness of blood, but the rich & radiant redness of the rose. My soul was suffused with the scent of a rose: as I brought my faculties to bear exclusively on the image, these walls fell away, the walls of my very flesh fell away, and I seemed to merge in the texture, the odor, the color, the actual essence of a rose.

Shall I write of this, the 7th day, when seated at the window as the sun emerged from the sea, I felt the commanding of my consciousness? Shall I write of rising, descending the stairs, opening the iron door at the base of the lighthouse and peering out at the billows that swirled at my very feet? Shall I write of stopping, of grasping, or holding?

Shall I write that I have indeed descended those iron stairs and returned here with my wave-borne trophy—that *this very day, from waters 200 miles distant from any shore, I have reached down and plucked a fresh rose!*

*Jan. 28.* It has not withered! I keep it before me constantly in a vase on this table, and it is a priceless ruby plucked from dreams. It is real—as real as the howls of poor Neptune, who senses that something odd is afoot. His frantic barking does not disturb me, nothing disturbs me, for I am master of a power greater than earth or space or time. And I shall use this power, now, to bring me the final boon. Here in my tower I have become quite the philosopher. I realize my need is simply this—Companionship. And now, with the power that is mine to control, I shall have it!

*Jan. 30.* The storm has returned, but I pay it no heed; nor do I mark the howlings of Neptune, although the beast is now literally dashing himself against the door of the store-room. One might



"My dog Neptune was worked into a frenzy, whining & pawing & wheeling in circles." (Scene suggested by Christopher Lee in European horror film.)

fancy that his efforts are responsible for the shuddering of the very lighthouse itself, but no; it is the fury of the Northern gale. I pay it no heed, as I say, but I fully realize that this storm surpasses in extent and intensity anything I could imagine as witness to its predecessor.

Yet it is unimportant; even though the light above me flickers and threatens to be extinguished by the sheer velocity of wind that sweeps through these stout walls; even though the ocean sweeps against the foundations with a force that makes solid stone seem as flimsy as straw; even though the sky is a single black roaring mouth that yawns low upon the horizon to engulf me.

For the past several days I have bent my faculties to my will, concentrating utterly and to the uttermost upon the summoning of a Companion.

This Companion will be—I confess it!—a woman; a woman far surpassing the limitations of common mortality. She is the woman of whom I have always dreamed. DeGraet would scoff that she is but the figment of a dream—but DeGraet did not see the rose.

It was the rose which I set before me when first I composed myself to this new effort of will. I gazed at it intently until vision faded, senses stilled, and I lost myself in the attempt of conjuring up my vision of a Companion.

Hours later, the sound of rising waters from without aroused me. I gazed about, my eyes sought the reassurance of the rose and rested only upon a foulness. Where the rose had risen proudly in its vase, red crest rampant upon a living stem, I now perceived only a noxious, utterly detestable strand of ichorous decay. No rose this, but only seaweed; rotted, noisome and putrescent. I flung it away, but for long moments I could not banish a wild presentiment—was it true that I had deceived myself? Was it a weed, and only a weed I plucked from the ocean's breast? Did the force of my thought momentarily invest it with the attributes of a rose? Would anything I called up from the depths—the depths of sea or the depths of consciousness—be truly real?

Once again now I shall lay my pen aside and return to the great task—the task of "creation", if



"Mad or sane, it does not matter. I know now that the lighthouse will shatter & fall. I am already shattered, and must fall with it." (Scene suggested by Christopher Lee in European horror film.)

you will—and I shall not fall. The fear (I admit it) of loneliness is enough to drive me forward to unimaginable brinks. She, and she alone, can save me, shall save me, must save me! I can see her now . . . Somewhere upon these storm-tossed seas she exists, I know it—and wherever she may be, my call will come to her and she will respond. Jan. 31. The command came at midnight. Roused from the depths of the most profound innermost communion by a thunderclap, I rose as though in the grip of somnambulistic compulsion and moved down the spiral stairs.

The lantern I bore trembled in my hand; its light wavered in the wind, and the very iron treads beneath my feet shook with the furious force of the storm. The booming of the waves as they struck the lighthouse walls seemed to place me within the center of a maelstrom of ear-shattering sound, yet over the demoniacal din I could detect the frozen howls from poor Neptune as I passed the door behind which he was confined. The door shook with the combined force of the wind and of his still desperate efforts to free himself—but I

hastened on my way, descending to the iron door at the base of the lighthouse.

To open it required the use of both hands, and I set the lantern down at one side. To open it, moreover, required the summoning of a resolution I scarcely possessed—for beyond that door was the force & fury of the wildest storm that ever shrieked across these seething seas.

I knew, I thrilled to the certainty that she was without the iron portal.

I unbolted the door. The door swung open—blew open—roared open—and the storm burst upon me; a ravening monster of black-mouthed waves capped with white fangs. The sea & sky surged forward as if to attack, and I stood enveloped in Chaos. A flash of lightning revealed the immensity of utter night.

I saw it not, for the same lash illumined the form of she who I sought.

Hallucination? Vision?  
Apparition?

My trembling fingers sought, and found, their answer. Her flesh was real—cold as the icy water



"I can ascribe the alteration in my feelings to naught but some inner alchemy; enough to say that a disturbing change has taken place." (Photo suggesting this scene taken from **TERROR IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.**)

from whence she came, but palpable and permanent. I thought of the storm, of doomed ships and drowning men, of a girl cast upon the waters and struggling towards the succor of the lighthouse beacon. I thought of a thousand explanations, a thousand miracles, a thousand riddles or reasons

beyond rationality. Yet only one thing mattered—my Companion was here, and I had but to step forward and take her in my arms.

No word was spoken, nor could one be heard in all that inferno. No word was needed, for she smiled. Pale lips parted—and I saw the pointed teeth, set in rows like those of a shark. Her eyes, fishlike & staring, swam closer. As I recoiled, her arms came up to cling, and they were cold as the waters beneath, cold as the storm, cold as death.

In one monstrous moment I knew, knew with uttermost certainty, that the power of my will had indeed summoned, the call of my consciousness had been answered. But the answer came not from the living, for nothing lived in this storm. I had sent my will out over the waters, but the will penetrates all dimensions, and my answer had come from below the waters. She was from below, where the drowned dead lie dreaming, and I had awakened her and clothed her with a horrid life. A life that thirsted, and must drink.

I think I shrieked, then, but I heard no sound. Certainly, I did not hear the howls from Neptune as the beast, burst from his prison, bounded down the stairs and flung himself upon the creature.

His furry form bore her back and obscured my vision; in an instant she was falling backwards, away, into the sea that spawned her. Then, and only then, did I catch a glimpse of the final moment of animation in that which my consciousness had summoned. Lightning scarred the sight inexorably upon my soul—the sight of the ultimate blasphemy I had created in my pride. The rose had wilted.

The rose had wilted and become seaweed. And now, she was gone and in her place was the bloated, swollen body of a thing long-drowned and dead, risen from the slime and to that slime returning.

Only a moment, and then the waves overwhelmed it, bore it back into the blackness. Only a moment, and the door was slammed shut. Only a moment, and I raced up the iron stairs, Neptune yammering at my heels. Only a moment, and I reached the safety of this sanctuary.

Safety? There is no safety in the universe for me, no safety here—the wrath of the waves in creases with every moment, the anger of the sea and its creatures rises to an inevitable crescendo.

Mad or sane, it does not matter, for the end is the same in either case. I know now that the lighthouse will shatter and fall. I am already shattered, and must fall with it.

There is time only to gather these notes, strap them securely in a cylinder and attach it to Neptune's collar. It may be that he can swim, or cling to a fragment of debris. It may be that a ship, passing by this toppling beacon, may stay and search the waters for a sign—and thus find and rescue the gallant beast.

That ship shall not find me. I go with the lighthouse, and go willingly, down to the dark depths. Perhaps I shall join my Companion there forever. Perhaps . . .

The lighthouse is trembling. The beacon flickers above my head and I hear the rush of waters in their final onslaught. There is—yes—a wave, bearing down upon me. It is higher than the tower, it blots out the sky itself, everything . . .

END

# MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER  
31

## IM-HO- WHO???

*The Mummy Strikes Again!*

But whose Mummy? Is the Mystery Photo from **THE MUMMY'S CURSE** or **THE MUMMY'S CORSET**? (Of corset's not cricket to give clues so early in the game.)

Is it from **THE MUMMY'S TOMB** or **THE MUMMY'S DOOM**?

Maybe it's from **REMEMBER MUMMY'S DAY**.

Or **WORLD'S PHARAOH**. How about **MERRY KHARIS MASS?**

I WAS A **TANNA-AGED MUMMY?**

I **REMEMBER REGIS TOMBY?**

Or the ever popular hit tune of 1910 (you do remember 1910, don't you?) I **MET A MILLION DOLLAR BOOGIE IN THE FIVE &**

**TANNA CENT STORE.**

Well—guess again! Because actually the movie from which this mystery still is taken didn't have much to do with mummies! This particular crumble-bum was just thrown in for comic relief. The real plot was about a mad scientist out to destroy the world. His name was the same spelled frontwards or backwards. His name in the picture, that is—he was played by one of the all-time horror greets and his last name is included in the following sentence, which is a scrambled version of the title of the picture:

**C, MAIN GHOU DIG U CHINA TEAS.**

Incidentally, the comma is a legitimate part of the title.



# ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO NO. 30



**SELA LUGOSI** himself posed for this picture of the **Batman** of **Bare Mountain**. For that you have the word of the late **WALT DISNEY**, who personally told *FW*'s editor so. **Owen Hannifan**, **Donna Essae**, **Dick Sheffield**, **Cynthia Byrdgal** & **Gordon R. Guy** were among the first to identify the drawing as from **FANTASIA**.

# CASTLE OF

he'll make you shiver



Dear Reader:

This article originally appeared in our Famous Monsters #33 issue (May, 1965), and is repeated now by popular request.

—THE EDITORS

# OF TERROR

William the Weird will

## double bill

Meet William Castle, producer and director of shock films, monster movies, fright pix.

One of the big national slick magazines has called him "The Master of Movie Horror". Some might say the crown belongs to Roger Corman, the Poe man's purveyor of premature burials, houses with falling eiders, palaces with haunts in 'em, tombs spooked by black cats, etc. Others



Producer Castle produces expression of defright (son of delight) upon meeting 3 Creepy People who've come to offer him the key to the cemetery.





## THE TINGLER

Handy men to have at cake-cutting ceremonies is Vincent Price, here celebrating completion of **THE TINGLER** (Columbia, 1960) as Castle and Basil Wrathbom look for handout.

Castle gets some monstrous ideas from our companion magazine while Poor Man's Vincent Price, otherwise known as Ferry Ackermen, looks amused at something (perhaps a picture of Vincent Price) in issue he had recently edited.



might give the Black Oscar Award to Alfred Hitchcock for psychoschools above & beyond the call of duty.

But Bill is right in there pitching for the honors. "I'd rather make scary movies than anything," he declares, and he has quite a record of scream-thrillers to back him up.

## a feary tale

At the ripe old age of 15, New York born Bill decided to become an actor and promptly landed his first speaking role by representing himself as a nephew of Sam Goldwyn!

He was given the part of a clam-digger in an ill-fated play called *Ebb Tide*. Strangely enough, when stage-fright struck him speechless and he stepped on a tack as he made his entrance, the resulting convulsions were hailed by at least one critic as "fine acting."

And Variety reported: "William Castle as the simple-witted, stuttering clam-digger was the only mentionable actor."

## Dracula's Castle

Following his Broadway debut, Bill went on to appear in *No More Frontiers*, which starred John Beal—who eventually became infamous in the title role of **THE VAMPIRE**. Deciding then that he'd like to learn the production end of the theater, Bill became the 16-year-old stage manager of the New York production of *An American Tragedy*, a considerable success.

Two years later he got to try his hand at directing. With his efforts—beginning with *Dracula*—he discovered the sheer delight of scaring people half out of their wits, and went on to direct other such chillers as *The Cat & the Canary* and *The Last Warning*.

With the exception of motion pictures, radio was at that time the most successful means of entertainment. Terrifying programs such as *Lights Out!* and *The Inner Sanctum* were the most popular spine-tinglers of the mid-'30s, when Bill turned his talents to writing & directing for radio.

## the return of Castle

But before long Bill was back in the theater again, this time as stage manager & co-producer of *The Lonely Man*—in which director John Huston had his only stage role—followed by a tour of the Catskill Mountains in summer stock, acting, directing & producing. Finally, in 1939, he took over the Orson Welles stock company at Stony Creek, Connecticut.





Screams like these are what made the tenants scream from **THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL** (Allied Artists, 1959.)



Castle meets authors (ghost writers) of book on famous spook-sesias.

"Oh, grandmother, what scary hands you have!" exclaims Carol Ohmart at sight of dishpan (son of deadpan) hand creeping around curtain in **HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL**.



Late that same year the head of Columbia Pictures heard of Bill's work and decided to invest some time & energy in making him a better director. Bill was brought to Hollywood with a writer-director-producer contract and assigned to learn film techniques at the side of several noted directors, among them Geo. Stevens & Chas. Vidor.

## a famous Castle

Bill had already been acclaimed as "Broadway's youngest stage director" for the direction of *Dracula*. Now one of his earliest directorial efforts, **THE WHISTLER**, won the New York Film Critics Award as the finest mystery film of the year and firmly established him in his field.

After several more films at Columbia, Bill was signed by the head of production at Universal to direct a number of their successful movies. Among these were **THE FAT MAN**, **UNDERTOW**, **THE CAVE** and **THE HOLLYWOOD STORY**. However, by 1951, he had returned to Columbia and completed almost 2 dozen features.

About this time he became active in television and was responsible for the creation of the popular *Men of Annapolis* and the production of *Meet McGraw*.

## dawn of horror

At the close of his second Columbia contract in 1955, Bill formed his own production company—**William Castle Productions**—and launched a series of very macabre films, the first appropriately entitled **MACABRE**.

**MACABRE** was in the nature of a horror mystery, laden with several actually terrifying scenes. Few were able to guess the identity of the monstrous murderer before it was revealed in the end. This was rather primitive in comparison to his more recent ventures but it was nevertheless a success at the box-office. Everyone in the audience was given a \$1000 policy issued by Lloyds of London—insurance against being scared to death by **MACABRE**!

Next came **THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL**, released like **MACABRE** thru Allied Artists, with Vincent Price as the villain?—hero? You never knew until the end. In this film Bill's script-writer had carefully calculated that there would be "The 13 Greatest Shocks of All Time!" To quote a publicity "puff":

*The ever-flowing pool of blood that drips from the ceiling . . . Acid vats that eat away all flesh . . . The crawling rope of death . . . Human heads without bodies . . . The murder cellar with 20 doors . . . Room of the living dead . . . The spectral hangman who roams at midnight . . . etc.*

The "gimmick" this time was a skeleton "which swooped from the screen and skinned over the viewer's head at the appropriate moment.



This gal fears she's about to become female phantom #14 in 13 GHOSTS (Columbia, 1960).

## monsters march on

Again Bill moved back to Columbia and continued his trade—manufacturing shocks by the dozens. In fact, in Germany—where he received the equivalent of Hollywood's Oscar for Showmanship in 1963—he is known as *Shreckmeister*, or "The Shock-Master".

Vincent Price had the starring role in Bill's next monsterpiece—*THE TINGLER*. The Tangler, according to the story, was a parasitic creature dwelling in humans' spinal cords and swelling to enormous size when we are afraid. The only way to weaken it and cause it to shrink back to its normal size is to scream! At one point in the film, when Vincent had released a full-grown Tangler in a theater, an ominous voice announced that the audience must scream and the lights were turned out. Real audiences actually tingled with fear—thanks to a low-voltage hookup beneath their seats!

Simultaneously with the premiere of 13 GHOSTS, a *William Castle Fan Club & Horror Advisory Board* was being created, with members recruited from the ranks of *FM* readers. A letter was mailed to each fan on our subscription list and membership cards were distributed at the showing of 13 GHOSTS.

In order to see the baker's dozen of Phantoms in 13 GHOSTS, it was necessary to use a "Ghost Viewer", as the film was reminiscent of the days of 3D. The story revolved around the terrors encountered when a college paleontology professor and his family inherited the mansion of their uncle—a man who probed into the mysteries of the occult—and found it occupied by exactly 13 "captured" ghosts.

## screams galore--and more!

Bill followed his fright successes with a variety of other terror pix, some of them leaning toward comedy.

*HOMICIDAL* was a venture into the psychodrama which reached its peak in Robert Bloch's *PSYCHO*—and became known as "the 'sleeper' of the year". As the publicity ads revealed, William Castle insists his macabre pictures must have "some human touch so the audiences seeing them can feel it could happen to them. And they all must be played seriously & straight," so that they will spellbind the audience.

*HOMICIDAL* fulfilled these qualities very well.



Bone Man invites cowering Carol to bubble bath (she provides the bubbles) in acid vat found in the cellar of **THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL**.

"The story is basically one of terror," explained Bill to the press. "A homicidal maniac is running loose in a small town and no one knows who it is except a paralyzed and mope old woman. The climax to the film is one of the most macabre ever put on the screen, I believe."

And finally, with screenplay by Ray Russell based on his own story, there came **MR. SARDONICUS**, a tale of Gothic horror & suspense. The main character was described as "A man so evil... his face could stop a heart!"

Sardonicus wore a mask to hide the fact that his face was hideously transformed into a grinning skull. Called from England by Sardonicus' wife—his former love—a famous British doctor attempts to cure the masked Baron thru psychological manipulation and eventually succeeds.

But, thanks to his treacherous servant Krull, Sardonicus suddenly discovers that his jaws are locked tight and he is unable to speak, eat or drink...

Poston, and 13 **FRIGHTENED GIRLS**. For awhile horror fans were afraid that Was Castle was to become known as a maker of funny monsters pix but he soon fixed that by striking back with—

**STRAIT-JACKET**, starring Joan Crawford. Its immediate success moved Bill to a decision—henceforth he would abandon "gimmicks" for star power & plot quality, and move from the low-budget shock field into the category of high-grade psycho-dramas.

To pursue this goal, he moved to Universal and snapped up Robt. Bloch to script these upcoming masterpieces of lurking terror. Under Bill's contract with Universal, he is to produce 5 films over a period of 3 years, so there is no need to worry about a lack of Castle chillers.

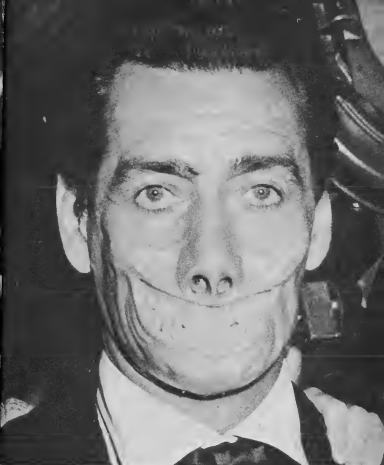
## lurking forward

The most recent of these high-grade horrors is **THE NIGHT WALKER**, in which the chilling terror creeps quietly from the screen as the audience follows in the footsteps of a dream which suddenly becomes a nightmare.

The Castle hallmark of sudden shock is there,

## fear 'n' fun

Bill's following 3 efforts were **ZOTS!** and **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**, both with comedian Tom



The Grinning Ghoul known as MR. SARDONICUS, a make-up masterpiece created for Guy Rolfe in Bill Castle's 1961 Gothic melodrama for Columbia. Ray Russell wrote the original story and Mr. Castle directed the star in a role almost as horrifying as Conrad Veidt's classic **MAN WHO LAUGHS**.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF HOLLAND



This picture speaks for itself!



Bill Castle's latest thriller, released by Paramount in August, 1968, is **ROSEMARY'S BABY**, starring Mia Farrow (shown here) as the victim of people who are members of the devil's own society.

too, and as we reach the climax, the impact is literally shattering.

Next on Bill's agenda is **I SAW WHAT YOU DID**, based on Ursula Curtis' novel of teenage terror, "Out of the Dark", with screenplay by Wm. McGivern. At the moment Castle isn't divulging much of the dire doings he has in mind but we will be able to see for ourselves before long.

There is no doubt that the tongue-tied youngster who began his career in show business by stepping on a tack has since developed the knack of talking to people as he now spends a great deal of time "on the road" meeting his fans. And his many fans obviously feel that he is one of today's foremost American producers & directors of movie horror, who says frankly, "I'd rather scare the daylights out of people than anything!"

So that's where you'll find Bill any time you're looking for a thrill: burning the midnight oil, down the Bloch apiece, at "Villa Bella", the Bela Lugosi-like Castle!



Mud baths may be good for beautifying the complexion but this is ridiculous! Besides, it isn't a mud bath anyway—it's a blood bath! Once again from . . . **THE TINGLER.**

FABULOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

END 31



His Halloween faces—of which this one from *LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT* is an excellent example—brought him a hallowed reputation. Thirty-five years after his death his fame lives on, his films still thrill millions at Disneyland, on TV, at film clubs and at silent movie houses throuout the land.



# FACE 1001

## Unknown till Now—LON CHANEY'S Greatest Characterization!

### SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM THE PUBLISHER

If you are a youngster or a teenager whose parents do not think too highly of the contents of this magazine and yet have never really read an issue, beg them to read *this one article*. It may change their whole attitude.

In our entire 53 issues, probably our most popular article to date has been "Mister Monster" in our 8th issue (Sept. 1960), my editor's inspired tribute to Lon Chaney Sr.

I deem it quite possible that the article you are about to read may become the new all-time reader favorite.

Its author (who had told the story to writer Raymond Lee) is one of the most respected talents in the history of Hollywood portrait artists. He is *Clarence Bull*, who for more than 40 years has photographed the greatest

stars on earth. Clark Gable. Greta Garbo. Spencer Tracy. Jean Harlow. The Barrymores: Ethel, John & Lionel. Marlene Dietrich.

And LON CHANEY.

He calls him "the greatest portrayor of horror roles in cinema history."

And he reveals here, for the first time, an astounding story that had its beginning 40 years ago. Read it, re-read it, share it with your parents, your aunt, your uncle, your older brother or sister, anyone who may not understand your interest in monsters. After reading it, they will look at you in a different light.

And—save it. You will want to read it again next Christmas season.

—James Warren

## inside the monster

In the 20s, Lon Chaney shocked the film fans of the world as **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** and **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, taking his biggest step to a pedestal among the silent screen immortals.

His genius was not in shock alone. When first flashed on the screen the monster revolved and even dragged screams from the audience. But as his inner suffering, struggle against his physical ugliness and the agonizing labor to overcome the curse of mankind unfolded, the fans began to pity and then endure the horrible sweat of body and soul. Here Lon Chaney won his most fascinating tribute as an actor—sympathy for the deformed and misbegotten.

Born of deaf mute parents, Chaney's pantomime was the most dynamic on film and the key to his deep understanding and love for "those out of shape."

## the clown and the cross

In 1924, Lon signed with the young Metro-Goldwyn Company and starred in **HE WHO GETS SLAPPED**, the story of a clown who gets laughs being slapped. Norma Shearer and John Gilbert were the lovers of the tragic story that found "He" hopelessly in love with the young girl.

One afternoon Lon dropped into my studio for a chat about make-up and the importance of lighting on grease-paint and putty. He never stopped experimenting and demanding the best in every character he created. As we talked and light began doing strange things to the clown face, I took off my glasses and wiped them. Suddenly in the cross-cross of shadows I was startled by another face . . . that of Jesus Christ!

The lines around the mouth being drawn down by nails of the cross . . . the lips sagging with drops of blood . . . the eyes reaching out into a space that was terrifying . . .

I began to shake.

## the face behind the mask

"Clarence, you cold?"

Lon Chaney was about the kindest man you'd ever know. He was fingertip sensitive to every emanation whether inside or out. He could read thoughts as easily as lips.

I coughed and stood up, stretching, and then I said quickly,

"Lon, I just saw Christ's face behind that clown make-up!"

In those silent days this was the most silent I had ever experienced.

As I stared at the "Man of a Thousand Faces," again I saw the Savior behind the white mask. Tears in the eyes. The lips parted in thirst. One of the Seven Last Words trying to break through the cracks in the skin.

Then a heavy shadow fell through the window and the clown looked up for another slap.

Lon walked to the window and seemed to speak to the shadows outside in the street.

## when Lon was little

"Clarence, as a little boy I remember a picture of Christ which used to hang in our livingroom. Just the head on the cross. I'd study it for hours; watch what the light did to it, what the shadows tried to do. And some times the thought started me like a voice: 'Some day, Lon, if you're a real good boy, maybe your face will be remembered like His'."

The telephone rang. It was for Lon. They wanted him on the set. We made an appointment for the following Monday. I watched the clown sag into the shadows outside and I wondered. Would he let me some day take his portrait as Christ . . . ?

At the next sitting I completed the advance sills for "He" and just as Lon was about to leave, he said gently, "Clarence, I know you are a sensitive yet level-headed fellow. I've been thinking a lot about what happened last week. I've even been working on the make-up. Do you think it would be out of line for the monster to pose as Christ?"

I had tears in my eyes when I put my arms around Lon Chaney and replied, "They tell us He is in all of us. Some of us find Him in strange ways. You name the day!"

Lon was quite nervous that day. He had decided to make up in my studio. He wanted no one to know what he was doing. I cancelled all appointments and locked the front door. I set up my camera and waited.

Slowly a figure walked across my studio and sat before my camera. In the shadow it could have been any man. As I switched on my lights it was the Christ who suffered little children to come unto Him . . .

## the unbelievable results

The next day Lon and I looked at the prints. It was incredible!

Lon smiled. A rare thing to see a smile on those lips which generally showed only sneers and fangs. It seemed a fulfillment of something.

Lon and I were in another world for that suspended moment. Suddenly one of the louder voices from the Publicity Department burst into the room. I had forgotten to lock the door.

"What's new, boys? Lon cooking up' another shocker? I don't know how you keep topping them. What's this?"

He grabbed the print from Lon and stared at it.

"Hey, fellows, we aren't that hood up for material!"

Lon's fist clenched.

"Say, who posed for this? A new contract player trying to be different, huh? Well, kind of a new slant, but I don't think the public will buy this Bible stuff."

I started to speak. Lon shook his head.

"It's something I was working on with a friend. Just an experiment."

"Mind if I use your photo, Clarence?"

Lon and I just sat looking at each other as the voice rattled on.



The Face that will live forever in the Horror Hall of Fame, that will be the 7th Wonder of Monster Movies to millions in generations yet unborn.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



People delayed their trip or even detoured when they discovered they might meet Lon looking like this on **THE ROAD TO MANDALAY!**



The magnificently misshapen head of Quasimodo, the malformed **HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**, shows Chaney at the peak of his make-up prowess.

## death of a photo

The photos were never shown to any one. Lon even suggested I destroy them. But I couldn't do this. The publicity man's comments had done something to Lon. He smiled just before he left and said, "We had our moment, that no one can take from us. Thanks for everything, Clarence."

I put the photos in a dead file that only I knew about. The years passed on and Lon and I had many exciting photo-sessions but the Christ image was never mentioned.

Time was a deceiver in those days when sound was poking its head into the silent screen. But there was tradition and one of the most endearing came every Christmas. We all clapped in and in teams went around with baskets and presents to our fellows who didn't have our share of worldly goods.

I will never know why I went to the dead file that Christmas week. As I looked through it I suddenly realized the Christ photos were missing. I searched every possible file. The Chaney stills were gone. There had been some improvements in the building, the files had been moved many times, but no one had access to them but me. I was sick at heart.

At the Christmas studio party, also a tradition, I could hardly look Lon in the face. He wasn't a party man and stayed just for greetings. Watch-

ing him leave the stage I wondered what could have happened to those photos? How could they have escaped from my own files? "God Bless Ye Merry Gentlemen" sung by a studio chorus didn't cheer me any.

## the small hidden house

I can't remember who I made the Christmas rounds with. I know there were 3 of us and we had a prepared list of folks to visit. As we went from house to house my spirits rose at the smiles we brought to surprised faces. It was warm in Los Angeles that Christmas Eve and quite a contrast to the Montana yuletides I had been born to.

Our last basket. A small house way back on an empty lot. A few eucalyptus trees tried to hide its size. We churned up dust as we drove up. A faint light through the window as if it would burn out any minute.

I knocked at the door. You could smell the oily eucalyptus leaves. You could hear the knock repeated inside. I tapped again. The door opened, and a boy of 10 and a girl of 5 behind him stared at me.

"Merry Christmas!" we all chimed.

A young woman appeared out of the gloom. I thought she would cry as we handed her the things but the laughter of her children as they opened



As The Missing Link between ape & man in **THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS**, a motion picture which was also known as **A BLIND BARGAIN**.

their presents stopped that.

A branch of a eucalyptus tree nailed to a piece of wood rose from the table. Pieces of colored paper and bits of tin-foil were its only decoration. At the base of the sprig a smattering of cotton. But gradually the gloom had movement and then I saw on the mantle a vigil light in a red glass cup burning before a picture. It was the warmest glow I had ever seen.

## the return of Lon Chaney

The mother saw me staring at the vigil light and began talking in broken English and gesturing to the mantle. The boy came up and took her hand and said in very good English, "My mother is trying to tell you how much she thanks you but most of all she says she knew we would have a good Christmas because of the picture."

I looked at the picture.

"You see, sir, my papa, before he was hurt in the accident, brought it home and said it would always protect us."

I moved to the wall. Gazed at the red circle outlining the face. I couldn't believe it! Lon's face . . . Christ's face . . . the red circle glowing about it almost making it move . . .

"Where did your father get this picture?"

The little boy smiled.

"He used to work at the movie studios and one day in the trashcan he found this picture of Our Lord. And he said it was the most beautiful he had ever seen and he knew it would always protect us."

I knew the answer before I asked the question.

"Where is your father now, son?"

He smiled again.

"In heaven, sir, with Our Lord."

## man of many voices

The following year was a busy and revolutionary one for the motion picture world—1930. Pictures talked! Sound had arrived. Silence was dead. Confusion reigned. My beloved stars crowded my studio in sessions mounting almost to hysteria as they wondered how long they would burn bright with voices.

In this year, Lon Chaney remade one of his classic hits **THE UNHOLY THREE**. It scored a tremendous success. Lon played a ventriloquist who masqueraded as an old lady and utilized 4 different voices. A greater star for Lon Chaney was rising.

I had seen Lon sparsely that year. Always something to interrupt us. I knew some day I had to tell him about that Christmas Eve.

## readying famous vampire role!

**DRACULA** was next on his list and he was giving this fabulous monster all the experience of his many years scaring the daylights out of movie fans.

The last time I saw him was in August and only passing in the street outside the studio commissary.

"Lon, I know you're awfully busy with your new picture, but there is something I must tell you. How about having coffee with me in my studio about 3?"

He agreed and then took off.

## he never knew

But Lon Chaney never came at 3 that afternoon. He never called.

I waited—waited for hours. It was completely unlike him. He had never been late for an appointment before.

Several days later I heard he was ill at home. I meant to call on him but the schedule was always crowding, crowding time and life.

August 26, 1930, Lon Chaney died of cancer of the throat. He had spoken only once on the sound screen and would never speak again.

And I had never had the chance to speak to him about the Christ picture. His inspiring portrait, greater than life, that lived after his death—and may live to this day.

**END**

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# THE HAMMER OF HORROR

**it pounds at  
your temples!**

**T**en years ago, as an experiment, Hammer Films made a science fiction horror film. In England it was called **THE QUATERMASS EXPERIMENT**; in America, **THE CREEPING UNKNOWN**; and on both sides of the Atlantic it was an experiment that succeeded: block-buster business in Britain, universal appreciation from sci-fi & monster fans in America.

Over nite Hammer became in the mid-50s—and remains in the 60s—what Universal had been in

the 30s: the shining star of supernatural, horror & monster movies.

"Find out why **QUATERMASS** broke records," Hammer chief Jimmy Carreras ordered his assistants. "Find out if it was the science fiction angle or the horror angle which brought the public in."

So every theater manager in the country who had shown the film was sent a questionnaire. Result of the poll: it was the film's *horrific* side

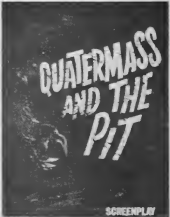




# Hysteria



# Fanatic



# QUATERMASS AND THE PIT

SCREENPLAY



# BRAINSTORM

An exciting look from the Art Dept. of Hemmer Films at assorted horrors they have created for fans of fiendoms.



When he drops that dagger he's done for. (From the new **CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB**.)

which had done the trick.

"Alright," said Hammer's head. "Now let's give them a classic horror story, a good juicy Gothic one, and see what happens."

## the return of Frankenstein

And Anthony Hinds went to work and this time came up with a new-look and shock—&—shudder version of gentle Mary Shelley's very ungentele monster classic. The first British horror film to be made in color, it was directed by Terence Fisher from a Jimmy Sangster screenplay and featured Peter Cushing as had Baron Frankenstein. Hideous & shambling, the new concept of "The Creature" was portrayed by Christopher Lee, who became an instant hit in the horror field.

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN did even better at the box office than THE CREEPING

UNKNOWN. Some critics attacked it and called it "revolting" but all agreed on one thing: its brilliant production qualities. The public flocked to see it in millions . . . in England, America, Japan,

## then Drac came back

The next logical step was—DRACULA. So THE HORROR OF DRACULA was born and it smashed British records to pieces and reportedly racked up the highest audience-faint figures ever recorded to that time. Once again some critics labelled (or libelled) the new DRACULA "nauseating" or "vile" but the public just didn't agree. For some fright fans the vampiric performance of Christopher Lee topped even that of the immortal Lugosi.

Hammer was now established as a horror studio. They went on to make many more macabre



The memorable make-up of Christopher Lee as the monster in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. (1957)



Kiwi Kingston plays the monster created by Peter Cushing in **THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN**.

films, among them you'll remember—  
**THE BRIDES OF DRACULA**  
**THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**  
**THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN**  
**THE MUMMY**  
**THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**  
**ENEMY FROM SPACE** (the second great  
**QUATERMASS** film)  
**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**  
 And **KISS OF THE VAMPIRE**

## future fiendish films

And what does the future hold, horror-wise, from Hammer Films, now a decade wiser in the ways of horror films?

At present close to 150 persons are employed at their Bray studios, producing an average of 6 films a year, each one taking about 6 weeks.

The Thirsty Count is coming back in **DRACULA III**.

**HYSTERIA!** You haven't seen anything yet. Ask writer-producer Jimmy Sangster, who has written the screenplays of most of Hammer's horrors;—ask him if he ever has nightmares and he'll laugh. "Nightmares? Never—I don't dream them because I put them all down on paper in scripts and get them made into films!" In **HYSTERIA**, we are promised, "Sangster's mastery of the mysterious, of high tension & agonizing suspense, is given full play in the kind of hair-raising thriller in which he revels." Jimmy Carreras said: "When I started reading the script I couldn't put it down. It's the kind of story that will leave audiences scared to go home after dark!"

## the fearsome Pharaoh

From the world's store of horror subjects, to quote Hammer's publicity dept., 3 basic themes occur again & again—and never lose their ability to chill the blood. These are:

The Blood-Sucking Vampire (*Dracula*)  
 The Creation of a Monster (*Frankenstein*)  
 And The Resurrection of the Dead (*The Mummy*).

Five years ago Hammer's **MUMMY** was such a world-wide box-office success that it was only a matter of time before a sequel was on the way.

**THE CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB** concerns a group of archaeologists on a routine expedition into the Sahara Desert who discover an ancient Tomb containing the mummy of a Pharaoh.

Dabbling in things they don't understand, they bring to life a monstrous 20' giant which goes on a murder rampage in Cairo.

When the gigantic Creature escapes into the desert, aircraft & parachute troops go in pursuit.

The climax is described as a shattering one—could it mean that the Living Mummy disintegrates into a million pieces?

## the SHE creature

"She?"  
 "She Who Must Be Obeyed!"  
 The beautiful, mysterious, legendary White Queen who, so we were told by H Rider Haggard, at the turn-of-the-century ruled a race of people deep in the unknown heart of South-East Africa.



Kneeling at the Mummy's feet will do the defeated men no good because the Mummy doesn't give a wrap.



Now the Mummy's going to be mad: he's used to doing all the choking around here and here somebody else is getting into the act!



*She possessed the secret of eternal life!*

One of the greatest, most exciting adventure stories of all time, millions of copies have been sold, it has been translated into dozens of languages. And perhaps you are familiar with its Shangri-la-like climax. Still, it is one thing to read about it, another to see on the screen the horrible moment when *SHE* fails to renew her youth and is revealed as what she really is.

"It remains one of the most horrific climaxes in literature."

*A hideous old crone, thousands of years old!*

## storm at Bray

Well, if Bray Studios makes a film called **BRAINSTORM**, isn't that a Bray storm?

Exactly!

Hammer's chief executives are constantly periscoping every available subject-source for off-beat material for new films.

"Any idea that might have the makings of an off-beat film is carefully considered.

"**BRAINSTORM**, the story of a split mind & personality, is just such a subject.

"It's a tale with a new twist, packed with terror, tension & terrifying suspense!"



The English bobby (what we call "the fuzz") seems to have netted himself a customer who's reeling quite a fuss!

## snakes alive!

Hammer had discovered a new horror—this time a female monster of the Gothic period in whom the evil spirit of the Gorgon girls of Greek legend lives on.

The Gorgons were a close-knit family of 3 creepy people, sisters whose heads were hideously crowned with *living snakes*, each of which was a tentacle of the hellish brain from which it sprang.

Anyone who looked at these awful creatures was turned to stone.

"In our film," says James Carreras, "the Gorgon is a descendant of one of these frightful sisters. Normally she's beautiful . . . but at certain times of the year she becomes this creature on whose head, instead of hair, is a tangle of writhing, hissing, venomous snakes!"

"A number of the story's characters unlucky enough to meet her petrifying gaze slowly turn to stone and end up as slabs of crumbling masonry!"

## little scissor

Beware of an old woman with a maleficent obsession!

What's "maleficent"? It's the opposite of mag-

Seldom seen monster, Michael Gwynne as the creature in **THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. (1959)





Oliver Reed strikes terror into the heart of Yvonne Romain in **THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**.

nificent, and that ain't good.

It's especially bad when the obsession is a murderous one.

That's the theme of **FANATIC**—an old woman who keeps a young girl prisoner, a girl who longs for freedom, who wants to escape from the domination of The Fanatic and her old dark house, but The Fanatic is determined to keep her there at any cost . . . even the cost of her life!

The Fanatic sharpens a pair of scissors, preparing to use them as a weapon of murder, for, in this "edge-of-the-seat" suspense thriller, her obsession finally crosses over the borderline into madness.

## the Martian menace

A few years ago, we're told, the streets of London and other cities & towns in England were almost clear of traffic by 8 o'clock in the evening. The reason? Everyone had rushed home to catch the latest nightly installment of a gripping TV tale of the discovery of a Martian spaceship.

The Interplanetary vehicle from the Red Planet, uncovered during underground excavations in London, was millions of years old—but inside it "something" was still very much alive & dangerous!

As an example of modern science fiction horror, **QUATERMASS AND THE PIT**, according to all reports reaching us, stood by itself.

Now Hammer, who made the first & second **QUATERMASS** hits, is "bringing the third &

greatest of them to the screen on a scale TV could never hope to match.

The first two "Q" films were indeed great—let's hope this one's no letdown!

## the living dead

Lugosi himself starred in the granddaddy of them all way back in 1932 when the Wm. Seabrook shock book about previously unknown supernatural horrors in Haiti—"Magic Island"—was turned into the first film about the walking dead **WHITE ZOMBIE**.

Later (1935) there was **REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES** with Dean Jagger, and Boris Karloff survived the electric chair to become a scientifically induced zombie in **THE WALKING DEAD**.

Zombies were very big in 1943 when John Carradine starred in **REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES** and the lamented Val Lewton (he died too soon) produced **I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE** from the screenplay by Curt ("Donovan's Brain" himself) Siodmak, starring Geo. Sanders' brother Tom Conway.

Bela came back to zombies in 1945 in **ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY** and in '46 **THE VALLEY OF THE ZOMBIES** was explored by Robt. Livingston.

The last time zombies were heard of was in 1957 when the late Eddie Cahn exposed Allison (50' Woman) Hayes to the perils of the **ZOMBIES OF MORA-TAU**.

Now comes:





One of THE BRIDES OF DRACULA just emerged from her coffin.



In **THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN**, the Creature carries a frightened victim to the underground laboratory of his creator, Baron Frankenstein.

"What promises to be one of the most terrifying & exciting films ever made by Hammer—**THE ZOMBIE**."

Set in Haiti & England at the tail end of the 19th century, the subject deals with the outbreak of a strange disease which kills off the inhabitants in a remote Cornish village.

It develops that the burials are premature, however, when one by one the deceased victims return as Walking Dead.

Horror! terror! panic! sweep the countryside like the plague of the Red Death as the zombies rise from their graves to sending the still-living to theirs!

## the serpent people

"Nothing new under the sun?"

"No new horrors, for instance?"

"Don't you believe it?" says Hammer, and is prepared to back up its statement with—**THE REPTILES**!

"We've come up with something new in the way of macabre, flesh-creeping entertainment," they promise.

The background is a cottage in an isolated corner of Cornwall. A pretty little home occupied by such a nice couple—a devoted husband & his charming wife.

But appearances can be deceptive and, as James Carreras puts it, "This is one deception that will have audiences jumping out of their skins with fright!"

That's Hammer's business—making hearts hammer & tongues stammer! If you have the stamina, they have the stories & the stars. Christopher Lee! Herbert Lom! Peter Cushing! Jimmy Sangster.

Finally, a word from the company's producer, Anthony Hinds:

"I've been written off as a monster, a ghoul who exploits the basest, most degraded tastes in human nature for personal profit. But I don't drive the public into the cinemas. They go because they want to. They go because the search for horror, the experience of it and the enjoyment of it is an even more fundamental quality than the profit motive. And in my opinion it's a healthy quality when harnessed in a cinema."

"I find making films loaded with opportunities to make ordinary people shudder & scream is fascinating & fun."

"And, after all, my films haven't started a vogue in vampirism. Nobody, to my knowledge, is making monsters in their cellars."

Ah, Mr. Hinds, but have you investigated the antics of any of our monster fanatics?

Would you dare?

**END**

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request!



Welcome to THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN: Lou Hamell, Ingrid Fritsch, and Sam Moskowitz. The 2 guests shown are, of course, **BORIS KARLOFF** & **JOHN CARRADINE**.



The arrow-planes aim at target *KING KONG*. The immortal triumph of *WILLIS O'BRIEN & MARCEL DELGADO* lives again for David Allen, Jim Danforth, Alden Lorraine and Jean-Claude Romer.

This is the way *OLIVER REED* looked when he was overcome by *THE CURSE OF THE WERE-WOLF*. Watch out, Uschi Ernsting (of Austria), Elly Bloch, Sam & Florence Russell and Dawn Langdon.





The late *BASIL RATHBONE* & Friend (*Karloff*) in *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (Universal '39) shown for Bill Nolan, Bruce Hallenbeck Jr., Dan Levitt, Jean-Claude Michel (of France) and Joann Lomax.

Velana the Vampire (*FLORENCE MARLY*) shows how they have a bite to drink back home on Centurion. From *QUEEN OF BLOOD*—for bloodthirsty Harry Curtis, Josef Nesvadba (of Prague, birthplace of the Golem), Adam Barron and Jethro Singer.





THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (*ELSA LANCHESTER*) can't abide *COLIN CLIVE*, Bill Pratt and *ERNEST THESIGER* in Universal's terror hit of '32. This classic quartet appears for Paul Freehafer and Bill Rotsler.

## YOU AXED FOR IT!

A repeat performance from Robert Bloch's *SKULL* for Gray Daniels, Mitch Evans, Nathan Hind, Joel Frieman and Beverly Ann Truex. It's *PETER CUSHING* of course.



YOU AXED  
FOR IT!



The late *GEO. ZUCCO* as the proprietor of Big Pharaoh's Five & Tanna Scent Store, shown for Walter James, Susie Colvin and Susu Lenart.

Jonathan Frid, who portrays the vampire Barnabas Collins, embraces Alexandra Moltke, who plays Victoria Winters, in a scene from ABC-TV's weekday dramatic series, *DARK SHADOWS*, for Linda Shama, and Joan Battaglia.





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THIS ISSUE dedicated to WALT LIEBSCHER, 50 years old but very young at heart, a fan with a MONSTER life long interest in fantastic films.

"STRID"—A Vulcan Vampire



By Kathy Bushman

OUR LONG POINTED EARS ARE BURNING

To Sir, With Love

I would like to thank all of you at FM for all the wonderful magazines you have published thru the years. The appearance of #50 brought back memories of when I bought my first issue (#7) and I never regret buying

WANTED! More Readers Like



RICHARD BAUGHMAN

them since. It seems FM has tried to grow up along with its fans and you should be congratulated for the courage and endurance to stay in print this long over so many obstacles.

RICHARD BAUGHMAN (18)  
Oklahoma, Oklahoma

"YOUR FAN FOR ETERNITY"

#50 was the greatest I've seen yet. The articles were well-written and superbly illustrated. The Fly was my kind

of close-up still, even the comic strip outwitted its predecessors.

JOE M. TIERCE  
Gary, Indiana

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FELIX MANUEL of Puerto Rico

BLACK CATS

We liked your recent "Black Cats Sinks Again" feature extremely well. Does my memory tell me right, that Bela Lugosi played the werewolf in the old films?

SHIRLEY EVELYN TRUSE  
South Beach, Oregon

a Lugosi played a werewolf without actually turning into one in THE WOLF MAN but Lon Chaney Jr. is the actor most frequently associated with the role.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

It seems whenever you write an article about Chris Lee or print pictures of him the name Christopher Ceramendi appears in Credits & Acknowledgments.

More Readers Like



RICHARD MAJKA

In a recent You Asad For it one of the persons who requested a foto of Conrad Veidt in THE MAN WHO LAUGHS was this same Mr. Ceramendi. Chris Lee's favorite is Conrad Veidt. Putting 2 & 2 together, have I hit on something?

RICHARD MAJKA  
Garfield, New Jersey

a Putting 2 & 2 together, you have come up with the mathematical fact that they equal 4! That really doesn't leave any Lee-way for us to deny your supposition and so we confess that on several occasions we have shyly saluted Mr. Lee by using a little known portion of his full name.

NECESSARY INGREDIENT FOR SUPERIOR FILM

Many people think fantastic movies decay only with time, unearthly things. Far from it. The human element is presenting the characters in a sympathetic light so the audience can become involved with them and their problems. The editor himself pointed out that THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN was more successful because Scott Carey was not a mad scientist or monster but a likable average guy who had this tragic thing happen to him. Proper character sympathy must be built up. One has only to consider the sympathetic Monster/Murderer roles created by Karloff, Chaney, Love, Faye, Price and others. Remember THE LORD OF THE FLIES? The conclusion had a suspenseful scene where a young boy, Ralph, was being pursued by the other boys who had reverted to animal savagery and were trying to kill him. All thru the movie we saw what a nice guy Ralph was. We were on his side. We wanted him to live. If I ever was going to make a fantastic film, I would first try to decide how to make the characters more human before I worked on the fantastic angle. It is this sympathy or human interest which makes us shed a tear first.

The kindly alien Exeter (Jeff Morrow) plunging to his death in the sea at the conclusion of THIS ISLAND EARTH...

Nakia (Michael Rennie) being shot down in the straits as he flies from a tad in THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL...

Daniel the hunchback (J. Carroll Nash) weeping because the gypsy girl he loves has spurned him in THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN...

The Frankenstein monster repulsed by his mate (Elsa Lanchester) in THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN...

CARMEN MIRCHELLA  
E. Detroit, Michigan

CONTRIBUTIONS submitted for publication should include Name & Address on each Letter & Drawing. The editor would LOVE to hear from YOU and to see a PHOTO of each writer (please PRINT your name on back of picture).

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Wild Issue #20

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# MOVIE MONSTER

## PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

The mask is off. The mind is now completely gone...mad. Phantom's eyes peer out from a face etched in horror. Here is all the detail of the Ghost of the Paris Opera. Dressed with cape, black tie and tails, with his companion the sewer rat and beard. No mask held high. And below, the dungeon window through which the outside world—and screams for revenge.



**THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.** As you start to feel the greatest of all Monster characters, you will see a only the physical ugliness, but the beautiful soul in Claude-Rene Clancy's performance. A great monster movie. **ADDIO, THE HORRIBLE** is on the block in the city square. A vicious rope hangs around his neck. His hands are chains. His throat is parched with thirst. He looks up, ghostly face of his tormentors.

# MODELS

You'll shudder You'll tremble You'll shudder with delight as you assemble these authentic, life-like kits of the most marvelous monsters that have thrilled and chilled audiences over the past 30 years on the "silver screen." These perfectly scaled model kits are made of styrene plastic by Acorn, quality manufacturer of scale model hobby sets. All models stand 12"

tall and come complete in every detail, just as you see them here. Each model has approximately twenty five separate pieces complete with all the exciting features. You paint these yourself with quick drying enamel, and when you're finished, the menacing figures seem to come to life and look as if they'll start parading around your room.



**THE MUMMY**—You'll be delighted at the dusty smell of old Egyptian tombs. The real life deathlike look with fascinate you as you put the Mummy together. BE CAREFUL how you place the sacred stones that contain the magic signs—or there can be trouble. The snake—but you know all about that... don't you?



**WOLF MAN**—In all his gory splendor, arms upraised, ready to clutch his next victim. Complete in every detail, this kit when you assemble it... before you run out of the room, is a detailed scale model of "WOLF MAN" surrounded by his favorite playmates.



**THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON**—We dare you to put this one together. Horrifying, straight from the water. Assemble with caution so that you don't stab yourself as the razor sharp claws. Watch the head as you attach it... sharp teeth.



**FRANKENSTEIN**—This ghoulish model is made up of 25 separate parts. When complete it stands over 12". You paint it yourself with quick drying enamel, and when finished the menacing figure of the great monster appears to walk right off the GRAVESTONES here that is part of the kit.



**DRACULA**—The count of midnight, heads stretched out in his famous "Terror Stance," looks at you with chilling eyes and grasping hands. Fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood. In a twisted tree hang two of his favorite bat pets.

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